

Keaton Simons, Seven

Seven

Seven was her lucky number
Before she met you
She was a spunky girl, a bummer, a hand-drummer
And she loved you
She had long hair
She was never all there
If you look away, you'll miss her
Sometimes she wants to be free
You've just gotta let her be
Don't fear her or forget her

CHORUS

Please, please, little girls
Don't run away from your fears
Please, please little girls
You are running to a place you'll never get to
They promised her it wouldn't matter
She'd rather have it never be
Don't think about it
Don't talk to me
I can't breathe
What is she to you?
A talker, a night stalker
Her door is closed
Our eyes wide open
What a scene
She just wants to scream
How can this thing happen to me?
So clear and I can barely see
She is still the same
Everything has changed
And no one even knows it

CHORUS

Beautiful and misdirected
Overprotected
She was still affected
Easily confused
A drinker, an over thinker
Always her own muse

CHORUS X2

Don't you run away